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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1
EDITORIALS:
Cut It Short 3
1925's Account with Liberalism 4
Are Booms a Blessing? 4
Please Pass the Sugar 5
THE NEW WORLD COURT—I. AS SHAM. By William Hard 6
CHAOS IN FRANCE. By Robert Dell 8
GOLDEN RULE NASH. By Robert W. Bruère 9
ON WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHER NEW IDEAS. By Dorothy Thompson 11
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 12
CORRESPONDENCE 12
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
To a Friend. By Haniel Long 14
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 14
Sloth of the Soil. By Donald Douglas 14
Legend or History? By Frithjof Toksvig 15
From Professor to Patriot. By Heinrich Kanner 15
In Fundamental Terms. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky 16
Interesting Books of 1925. By Mark Van Doren 16
Drama: The Powers of Darkness. By Joseph Wood Krutch 16
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
The Case of South Tyrol. By W. F. Schubert 18

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THE NEW YEAR comes in—the eighth since the World War was officially ended—with scores of men behind the bars in this democracy of ours for their opinions; whatever law they are alleged to have broken their actual offense is their political or industrial faith. A first charge in 1926 upon all believers in the liberty proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence should be the freeing of these victims and the repeal of the laws that are used to justify their imprisonment. The largest number of such prisoners is in California, but there are small groups elsewhere. In jail in Texas, for instance, are five Mexicans and one American, Charles Cline, whose incarceration antedates the World War. Jesus Rangel was engaged in 1913 in organizing armed bands in Texas and conducting them across the Mexican border in the interest of the revolutionary movement. After a fight between his band and a sheriff's posse one of the latter's assistants was found dead from bullets. Rangel's party was pursued and captured and, although no one in it could be directly identified as the slayer, Rangel and five others were sentenced to the penitentiary for life—largely, it is thought, through Diaz's influence. Their only certain crime was violation of the neutrality laws, and in any event they have suffered enough even if guilty of the more serious offense. Labor bodies in Texas are asking for the release of the six men, and we hope they will be backed by petitions to Governor Ferguson from labor and liberal organizations generally.

MOST UNFORTUNATE is the verdict of the International Commission which investigated the Shanghai police murders of May 30. A majority, the British and Japanese members, has upheld the police. The American member, we are happy to report, decided that the police officials failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation and to take proper precautions, as a result of which innocent lives were lost. How any other verdict could have been reached in the light of the evidence presented is beyond us. Fortunately this mixed decision has resulted in the resignation of the police commissioner and of the guilty inspector of police, Everson, who gave no adequate warning to the crowd and ordered it to disperse in tones that could not be heard a few yards away—it will be remembered that a number of the victims were shot in the back. While the prompt acceptance of the resignations of these officials will help to offset the majority decision, so far as the Chinese are concerned the verdict will do much harm. It will confirm them in their view that the foreigners propose to stand by each other at any cost and will increase the bitterness of those who know that the Shanghai massacre was as needless as that at Amritsar.

JAPANESE STUDENTS do not, like their Chinese brothers, overturn governments, but they object to wasting time in military training and demand the right to do their own reading and think their own thoughts. An idiotic teacher of military training in the Otaro Commercial School in mid-October offered his students an examination paper requesting them to outline a plan for student mobilization in case Koreans and anarchists should attack the Government after an earthquake. Naturally the students protested; many of them were Koreans, and all recalled the gruesome events that followed the great Tokio earthquake when wild rumors of Korean plots led to a kind of pogrom. A student campaign against military training is sweeping Japan. Tokio Imperial University, once deemed a stronghold of conservatism, today puts its academic halls at the disposal of the protesting students, and most of the universities have been as wise. But Fukuoka High School in Tokio discharged four students for too vigorous expression of their sympathy with radicals, followed by hissing of Dr. Ninigawa, a government supporter who tried to tell them that American students were eager for military training. The students have founded a National Federation Opposed to Military Training in the Colleges, which sent a delegation, representing six universities, to call upon the Minister of Education; he did not meet them, but the police did, and a riot ensued. At Kioto the police rounded up thirty students who were members of a Social Research Society and had in their possession mimeographed copies of a Russian speech about Lenin. There, however, the university authorities, and even the governor of the prefecture, objected to the illegal invasion of the student dormitories, and an amusing incident occurred when one of the students turned out to be of the royal blood, which meant that the police had to petition the Mikado for permission to arrest him.

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IT IS A PLEASURE to record the fact that Lady Gladstone, Gilbert Murray, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Muirhead Bone, St. John Ervine, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Julian Huxley, Israel Zangwill, and ninety-one other prominent English men and women have signed a petition to their government in England to eliminate Articles 227 and 231 from the Treaty of Versailles, the articles in which Germany acknowledged guilt for bringing on the war and confessed to having committed grave offenses against international morality, the sanctity of treaties, and the customs of war. Says the petition: "We regard these two articles, which were forcibly imposed upon a defeated nation under the most terrible stress, as having expressed a state of mind in the Allied and Associated Powers which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding." The committee states that its action is in response to a similar petition signed last spring by more than one hundred persons of eminence in France. We cannot imagine a better manifestation of the Christmas spirit than this, and we are confident in our belief that the wishes of these just and generous English and French people will find their fulfilment in the course of the next few years. We are gratified also to be able to announce the establishment of a French weekly journal to be edited by Victor Margueritte, Baron Baudran, Professor Ebray, and other Frenchmen for the similar purpose of undoing the wrong to Germany by clearing her of the accusation of sole guilt and of immoral war practices, most of which have been exploded like the Charteris falsehood that the Germans boiled the bodies of their dead for fat.

> From such reports as reach me there are indications that more authority should be given to the Governor General, so that he will not be so dependent upon the local legislative body to render effective our efforts to set an example of the sound administration and good government which is so necessary for the preparation of the Philippine people for self-government under ultimate independence. If they are to be trained in these arts, it is our duty to provide for them the best that there is.

WE HAVE REPRINTED this passage relating to the Philippines from President Coolidge's message to Congress because it is such a perfect illustration of the muddiness of the thinking now being done in the White House. Please notice that the President says that more authority should be given to the Governor General. He declares that the Governor General should not be so dependent upon the local legislative body. Why? Why, because he wishes to further the "preparation of the Filipinos for self-government." Now, how in the world are they going to learn to govern themselves if they are not given a chance to do so, and are to have a satrap placed over them who shall be independent of the local legislature? The child is to learn to walk under our tutelage. Before letting him do that we are going to tie him down firmly in his cradle. The truth is that General Wood does not like the child's growing pains and therefore the country is asked not to stick to its historic belief that bad government when self-government is better than good government when imposed from overseas. If we are going to wait until the Filipinos learn to govern themselves precisely as we want them to—and enforce their laws as effectively as we do the Prohibition Amendment, let us say—we shall never redeem our sacred pledge to give them their freedom. Neither General Wood nor Mr. Coolidge desires that we do so.

"THE SENATE IS UNFAIR to Organized Labor." On December 17 the Senate of the Washington State Legislature defeated a bill modeled after the federal Clayton act permitting peaceful picketing. On December 18 a sign with the above words emblazoned upon it was borne by a silent marching picket, who circled the State Capitol buildings and walked the streets of Olympia all day—the answer of the State Federation of Labor to the action of the Senate. The defeated measure would have curtailed the power of State courts in granting injunctions in labor disputes and would also have preserved for labor the right of peaceful picketing in case of strikes except when irreparable damage was done to property. The type of picketing which the Senate was asked to legalize was defined as "allowing one person to walk in front of an establishment not employing union help with a sign or banner stating the place was unfair." The type of picketing to which the Senate was subjected was strictly within the limits of this definition. And the legislature exhibited no desire to test the legality of the picketing, even though it had refused the night before to give legislative sanction to just such actions. Reprisals, however, are expected. All labor bills, it is now definitely threatened by many Senators, will be summarily killed, "to punish labor for this indignity."

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has concluded a most interesting session in Detroit. Representing twenty-eight constituent Protestant denominations this governing committee has reaffirmed its "unequivocal support of national prohibition." This does not mean that it has discarded the report issued by its department of research upon the failure to enforce the prohibition law. It is willing to face the facts of the situation as they are, but reaffirms its belief that despite all shortcomings the net effect upon the physical, economic, political, and moral life of the nation is beneficial. The committee came out against the Japanese Exclusion Law, which it declares has lost to America the friendship of the Japanese and all the other Oriental people, and "carries in it the seeds of a color war." As to the vital question of peace, it reaffirmed the conclusions of the National Study Conference, held in Washington, December 1 to 3, under the auspices of the Federal Council, which declared war to be the "supreme enemy of mankind" and its continuance "the suicide of civilization." The conference voted that the church should devote itself to peace above all else, that in doing so it should never "become an agent of the government in any activity alien to the spirit of Christ," and should recognize the right of each individual to follow the dictates of his own conscience as to whether he should or should not participate in war. This spells real progress; it is a triumph of the principle of conscientious objection to war, and it has brought the church a step nearer to the ultimate position which it must take or perish—that it will not support its government if that government goes into war. We regret to have to add that the executive committee in Detroit voted to continue to approve the system of supplying chaplains to the army. Why not to the brothel and to the saloon, since these are only lesser evils and not the "supreme enemy of mankind"?

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MISSISSIPPI, not content with being the only State that burned a Negro alive last year, has further added to her distinction by lynching a Negro after he had been lawfully tried and acquitted of the murder of a plantation store-manager. But Mississippi is trying to clean house. The sheriff and three deputies have been indicted for this latest outrage, and a pamphlet recently issued by Mississippians active in political life, including the Governor and other State officials, the president of the Bar Association and outstanding members of that group, and the editors of various newspapers, sets forth the case against lynching and against Mississippi in forthright terms. Reviewing the shocking and almost incredible total of 530 lynchings in the State during the last forty years, the pamphlet lays the blame for this lawlessness exactly where it belongs—on the shoulders of the men sworn to uphold the law, the sheriffs who gave up their prisoners to a mob, the deputies who did not use the weapons the law gave them the right to use in defense of accused persons in their custody. The pamphlet says further that members of a mob are cowards who always cringe before any show of force by those in authority; that they would refrain from participating in a lawless enterprise if they believed that they were running the slightest risk either of punishment or personal injury. These things have been amply demonstrated in scores of attempted lynchings, even in Mississippi, when sheriffs and deputies who were not also cowards have stood up and defended their prisoners with their own lives. In no case is there a record of an officer of the law who was killed in thus performing his duty. And if, combined with a determined sheriff, there was in every county in which a lynching threatened a determined judge who would send to jail the members of a mob, Mississippi would not have had six lynchings last year.

"NOW BE AN AMERICAN. Our men only last about six months in England and then they become Anglicized." This, says Bainbridge Colby, ex-Secretary of State, in the *Saturday Review*, was the instruction given to him by Woodrow Wilson when he went to England during the war on an official mission. Mr. Colby continues:

> The President referred to that subtle and encompassing and penetrating charm which is English. I think Page fell a victim to it. He took absolutely the English view of the controversies that arose during the war about our neutral rights. He saw with the vividness of close proximity the great issue of freedom as opposed to autocracy. It impaired his intellectual refraction. It distorted the angles of his vision. His sincerity is beyond question and his popular success in England was unmistakable, but he had ceased to be a serviceable spokesman of the President or a dependable ambassador of the United States.

Mr. Colby says Colonel House was sent on his unofficial missions simply and solely because Mr. Page had thus become Anglicized. "Hence," writes Mr. Colby, "the estrangement of Page from the President—and a presidential silence that was considerate but knowing, followed by a course that was independent of his ambassador but right." It was an extraordinary thing about Mr. Wilson's administration that he was bitterly dissatisfied with his three leading ambassadors, Page, Gerard, and Penfield, as he was with several members of his Cabinet. But he could never bring himself to ask for the resignation of anyone whom he had appointed, no matter how great a failure the man became.

Cut It Short

A FEW years ago some editorial genius discovered that Americans no longer have time to read. The vogue of the short story and the popularity of the one-reel movie were pointed to for confirmation, and thus the legend was launched. Now Mr. Cosmo Hamilton predicts that the novel will persist only in the form of a fifteen-minute summary to be given over the radio, and that section of the public which never reads anything anyway is prepared to take him seriously. Condensation, they say, is part of the spirit of the age, and where, they ask, is the Victorian novel of eight or nine hundred pages?

But the answer, the proof that Americans take the time for something which cannot be finished while swallowing the matutinal coffee or while riding in the subway to work, is furnished by the catalogues of the publishers. Mr. Dreiser having won some fame with a book like "The Genius" has just published a trifle in two fat volumes, the most-talked-of contemporary novel. Proust's "Memory of Things Past" is appearing in instalments which will total some six thousand pages, while writers like Romain Rolland, Martin Anderson Nexö, and Ladislas Reymont confine themselves to a modest four volumes for each single work. The three volumes of Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" and the three volumes of Bennett's "Clayhanger" series have also found readers, and when it is remembered that many persons are not only familiar with the books just mentioned but have some acquaintance also with such opuscules as the three volumes of Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," the six volumes of Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and the twelve volumes of "The Golden Bough," it is obvious that the habit of sustained reading is not lost. We say whoever will not listen to our characteristic national injunction, "Make it snappy," gets no hearing. Yet James Joyce, for example, refused to "cut it short," and it cannot be said that he has been completely neglected in consequence.

Is it not possible that Mr. Hamilton is basing his conviction that people will no longer read novels upon insufficient evidence, merely upon the fact that they will no longer read *his* novels? Is it not true that even today we can stand a good deal of a thing if it happens to be good? Certainly a bad novel cannot be too short, and from what we have read of Mr. Hamilton we see no reason to suppose that fifteen minutes is not enough for him; but though we always feel strangely busy when one of his works comes around, we generally manage to find, merely by accident no doubt, that some hours of leisure appear when even the longer works of certain other writers are at hand. The length of a novel is not, after all, to be measured by the clock but by the mind, and we have known mere novelettes which *seemed*, and thus psychologically *were*, a good deal longer than all Proust.

No man in his right mind would rather read two bad novels than one good one. If Dickens is less read today than fifty years ago, length has nothing to do with the fact, for those who do not read him fail to do so only because they find that he has less to say to them than certain other writers. There are novels which are badly proportioned and there are novels which exhaust their material before they reach the end, but there is no such thing as a good book which is merely "too long."

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1925's Account with Liberalism

ABROAD

Cr.

By the Locarno Treaties and the new spirit in Europe.
" the evacuation of the Ruhr and of the Cologne district.
" the League of Nation's successful interference in the hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria.
" German fulfilment of the Dawes Plan requirements for 1925.
" the steady checking of the nationalist and militarist elements in Germany.
" the decision to hold a preliminary disarmament conference in February, 1926, in Geneva.
" the settlement of the Irish boundary dispute.
" the noteworthy improvement in economic conditions in Russia.
" the steady enlightenment of the Allied countries as to the lies of their governments about the origin and conduct of the war.
" the satisfactory progress toward tariff autonomy for China.
" the steady progress of Mexico, political and economic.

Dr.

To the war in the Riff and the participation of American fliers therein.
" the French war in Syria and the destruction of priceless monuments in the shelling of Damascus.
" the Shanghai massacre and the landing of American, British, and Japanese marines in Shanghai and elsewhere.
" the continuance of Mussolini's murderous despotism in Italy, and his unceasing destruction of personal and public liberties in that country.
" the thousands of political prisoners rotting in jail in almost every country of the world.
" the continuance of Horthy's dictatorship and the suppression of all liberal thought in Hungary.
" the defeat of the MacDonald Government in Great Britain.
" the horrors in Bulgaria.

AT HOME

Cr.

By many signs of decreasing intolerance and of a revival of liberalism, best evidenced by the changing tone of press and magazines.
" overwhelming evidence that the youth of today intends to think for itself.
" the growing revolt against compulsory military service for students.
" President Coolidge's admission to the American Legion that no military or naval preparations ever protected any country against war.
" the election of Robert M. La Follette, Jr., as Senator from Wisconsin.
" the trial of Colonel William Mitchell and the revelations of military and naval incompetency, waste, and graft in the air services.
" prosperous times in many industries and slight improvement in farming conditions.
" a reawakened interest in public questions as evidenced by the fight for participation in the World Court.
" the waning influence of the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan.

Dr.

To one burning alive and fourteen other lynchings.
" the death of Robert M. La Follette, brave, faithful, and devoted public servant.
" an unnecessary and long-drawn-out coal strike.
" the Scopes prosecution and its revelation of American superstition and bigotry.
" the continued imprisonment, not for overt acts, but for their opinions, of eighty-nine I.W.W. prisoners.
" the failure of numerous States to repeal their syndicalist laws.
" the retention of Wilbur and Kellogg in the Cabinet.
" the arrogance and intolerance of the State Department in excluding Saklatvala and the Karolyis.
" the refusal of the government to treat with Russia and to recognize its government.
" the scandalous and lawless harrying of the Chinese by American officials in various cities.
" the continuance of Japanese exclusion and of our intolerant and chauvinist immigration laws.
" the continued failure to enforce the prohibition law, and the resultant demoralization.

Are Booms a Blessing?

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has announced that it will lend no more money for the construction of office buildings and high-class apartment houses in New York City. Such structures, the company says, are being overproduced, with the result that the building industry is "on the edge of disaster." Certainly the city is in the throes of an unprecedented building boom. One after another of the old historical landmarks in the uptown business district—Delmonico's, Madison Square Garden—are coming down, and in their place rise towering steel and concrete office buildings; while Park Avenue extends its massive cheese boxes ever north and north. Men toil all night under electric suns, no sidewalk is without its wooden tunnel, the seething streets are further blocked with truckloads of brick and tile and steel.

Amidst all the appearances of such abounding prosperity the edict of the Metropolitan comes like a bombshell. The boom in building has created more rental space than a profitable traffic in rents will sustain, and it has invited into the mortgage business a new and dubious variety of finance company. The old-line companies—like the Metropolitan—have continued to lend on first mortgages up to a maximum of two-thirds the conservatively appraised value of the property, and have stuck to a moderate return. With the growth of the boom and the increased demand for construction loans, newcomers—not seasoned bankers but high-pressure salesmen—have appeared. Their gaudy circulars and their super-salesmen announce their bonds to be secured by first mortgages on high-class real estate. They often get the money before a spade is turned on the building. Thus the investor has no security at all at the start. They then proceed to give the building a good, generous appraisal and lend up to 80, 90, and 100 per cent of it.

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Why? Because the bigger the loan, the bigger the bonus and the commission. "If a mortgage company is organized by expert selling men, with excessive expenses for advertising, salesmen, office, and overhead charges, a pressure to get large commissions ensues." Commissions run from 10 to 15 per cent of the sum loaned. The sole asset is the overappraised building, mortgaged up to the hilt on the *boom scale of rentals*. When the boom finally depresses rentals, and the movement has already started, the gullible investor is going to have some lovely new wall paper—steel engraved. By which time, the promoters will be exercising their talents in another—and distant—building boom. Or riding surf-boards in Florida.

The deeper social issues the Metropolitan fails to develop, though it does say tersely enough that the "housing situation is still acute for apartments renting for less than $15 per room per month." Which means that it is still acute for 95 per cent of the population of New York City. While capital has been pouring into office buildings and Pekinese apartment houses, the industrial worker and the clerk are paying more for increasingly cramped quarters. Because their purchasing power has been restricted by low wages, enormous corporate profits have been accumulated. These profits, seeking investment, flow into unneeded construction, into *commercial* space that presently cannot be adequately rented and used. Space for the ordinary man's home does not enter into the calculation—he cannot pay enough in rent to magnetize the necessary capital. Meanwhile, these new lofts and office buildings—twenty stories replacing a demolished six—put an ever-increasing strain upon streets and subways already intolerably congested.

Which illustrates again, and poignantly, the blessings of untrammeled competition.

Please Pass the Sugar

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S "utmost solicitude" for the beet-sugar industry, of which he spoke when he refused to reduce the exorbitant tariff on this necessary, was mainly, he assured us, for the farmer who grows sugar beets. Let us see what the beet-growing farmer gets from this tariff. He urges that it be maintained, in the sincere belief that he is a beneficiary. He has now entered into a contract with the manufacturers which is represented to him, and to the public, as a "partnership"; as a "cooperative," a "profit-sharing" enterprise. Conceding that in certain exceptional circumstances he may benefit from the tariff, if he is being hoodwinked about this contract he is entitled to know it.

Only a little more than one-sixth of the sugar we consumed in 1924 came from beets, but of that fraction nearly three-fourths was produced in the six States of Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana. The present contract prevailing there gives to the farmer a minimum guaranty of $6 a ton for beets measuring up to a certain grade, with provision for a higher price if the sugar content is higher, as it usually is. It is further provided that if the average *net price* obtained by the factory is more than five cents a pound, the farmer is to get a dollar a ton for each penny above the nickel a pound.

Every beet-growing farmer may well consider what is meant by net price. In his case it means that, if the price paid to the factory is more than a nickel, there must be deducted such items as freight charges, cash discounts, insurance, taxes, storage, handling charges, sales costs, advertising, telegraph tolls, traveling expenses, brokerage, and so on; and these amount to about a penny a pound. As a fact the farmer doesn't figure in the deal unless the gross selling price is more than six cents a pound. These Western factories, moreover, count in against the farmer an imaginary freight rate from the coast, just as they milk the local consumer for fictitious transportation.

Recently the farmers in the six States mentioned were receiving about $7.50 a ton for beets of record-breaking sugar content. It is the fortuitous excellence of the crop, not the tariff, which is helping them out, whatever the manufacturers may tell them. But, even if they manage by intensive cultivation to maintain an average production of eleven tons an acre, their expenses of production will still be greater than what the manufacturers allow them. They receive $82.50 an acre for the beets, but the United States Department of Agriculture (Bulletin 917) states that the average cost of production for an eleven-ton acre is $86.95, even though only $1.70 is allowed for taxes and insurance and thirty cents an hour for labor. The farmer is out of pocket $4.45 per acre and his workers get only $2.40 on the basis of an eight-hour day. Even with an unprecedented crop, paying sweatshop wages, the farmer is losing money. Apparently he does not know how to keep books.

How are the manufacturers making out? They get their two cents tariff pap on every pound of sugar sold, whatever the price. If sugar is retailing at five cents a pound, it means that the consumer—including the beet-growing farmer—is paying a nickel for three-cent sugar. The manufacturers profit, to the tune of eighty millions a year, from the sugar tariff; and mainly the profiteers are the Western beet-sugar barons, for these six States are the stronghold of this protected industry.

Let us consider one company in this territory. The Great Western (beet) Sugar Company, operating seventeen factories distributed through Colorado, Nebraska, Montana, and Wyoming, produces about two-fifths of our beet sugar. It has $15,000,000 of preferred stock, but has sold only $13,630,000 of it, and this sum represents its total actual investment. On its preferred it pays 7 per cent, and on its common stock—all of which is water—it pays 32 per cent a year. Its actual profits, over and above its investment twenty years ago, have been $134,646,235. On its watered common stock alone it has disbursed about fifty-three millions, while its investment was less than fifteen.

William L. Petriken, the president of this flourishing concern, sat as a delegate at the convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge. Charles W. Waterman, one of its lobbyists and the preconvention manager of Mr. Coolidge's campaign in Colorado, sat as a delegate-at-large from that State. Not so very long ago the President appointed Mr. Waterman counsel for the federal Oil Conservation Board.

We may well put these facts into a picture: the farmers, who are being cheated and deceived; the laborers, who are getting paltry wages; and the Great Western, with its lobbyist in executive favor and its fabulous profits. Looking at this picture, anyone of the consumers (who are paying $200,000 a day on account of the President's refusal to reduce the sugar tariff) may decide for himself the source of Mr. Coolidge's "utmost solicitude."

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The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

I. As Sham

I CONTEND that our proposed entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice is a sham on peace. I contend further that it is a trap through which we unknowingly shall be dropped into the special "sanctions" of the League of Nations and into the special wars of Europe. I contend, thirdly, that it is a derailment device by which the United States will be disastrously diverted from its proper mission of establishing a peace system upon an American basis in its own regions of special authority and of special responsibility.

In this article I shall endeavor to show why I contend that our proposed entrance into the Court is a sham on peace.

We already, on our statute-books, have three installations of general peace machinery. We have a membership in the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. We have a set of arbitration treaties named after Elihu Root. And we have a set of conciliation treaties named after William Jennings Bryan.

The religious periodical called the *Christian Century*, of Chicago, has repeatedly inquired:

> What dispute of ours is there, actual or potential, which we would not wish to take to the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague but which we would be willing to take to the new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague?

That question has never been answered. It cannot be answered. There are two reasons why it cannot be answered. In the first place, as I shall presently show, we shall always, in practice, for all important matters, prefer not the new Court but actually the old one. In the second place, as I shall likewise presently show, we have no official intention of taking any important matters to any court at all. Our President does not say:

> Fellow-citizens, I have a grievous dispute with the Haitians regarding our armed occupation of Haiti. I have a grievous dispute with the Mexicans regarding the constitution of Mexico and its effects upon the properties of Americans from the United States in Mexico. I want to send these disputes to a court. I cannot send them to the old Court. The old Court is a poor thing. Give me the new Court. When I have it, I will go to it with these disputes.

Our President says no such thing. He does not mention one dispute, he does not mention one sort of dispute, for which he needs the new Court. That is natural. He does not need it; and, if he had it, he would not go to it on any matter of any genuine importance.

Let us consider such a matter. Let us consider our dispute with Salvador and with Costa Rica regarding our treaty of 1916 with Nicaragua. If there is any dispute of ours which clamors for final and definitive judicial settlement, it is this.

In this dispute we already have one court judgment against us. The Central American Court of Justice held that our treaty with Nicaragua violated the rights of Salvador and of Costa Rica. We had helped to create that court. We were its sponsors. It held against us. It held against us twice. We disregarded its decisions. We refused to obey its decisions. It evaporated. It is no more. Our President does not say:

> Fellow-citizens, we have been put into a deplorable position by our refusal to obey the decisions of the Central American Court of Justice. The refusal was inevitable. The Central American Court of Justice was a poor thing. Give me now this new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague; and I will go to it with this old legal dispute of ours and get it firmly settled by a good court and good judges.

Our President says no such thing. He does not even say that he would like to get our Senate to accept the poor little optional "compulsory jurisdiction" article—Article 36—of the constitution of the new Permanent Court of International Justice. Some twenty of the smaller countries of the world have accepted that article. It binds them merely to go to the Court with questions of international law, with questions regarding the interpretation of treaties, with questions involving alleged breaches of international obligations. Our President does not beseech us to sign that article. On the contrary, he tells us that one of the merits of this new peace-engine at the Hague is that we can always keep away from it!

Of course! In the matter of definite peace promises, in the matter of definite renunciations of war, we are not going forward. We are going backward. This will appear clearly if we look at the Root arbitration treaties and at the Bryan conciliation treaties.

The Root treaties and the Bryan treaties differ in one crucial respect from membership in the old Permanent Court of Arbitration and from membership in the new Permanent Court of International Justice. Those memberships, existing or proposed, bind us to no actual peace commitment whatsoever. The Root treaties and the Bryan treaties do so bind us. They mean something. It is little, perhaps; but it is something.

The Root treaties bind us in certain circumstances to arbitrate certain disputes of a narrowly limited legal nature. The Bryan treaties bind us to pause from war while a commission of inquiry into a dispute is inquiring and reporting.

The Root treaties were, of course, "the dawn of a new day." The Bryan treaties were, of course, "the dawn of a new day." The old Permanent Court of Arbitration was "the dawn of a new day." Now the new Permanent Court of International Justice is "the dawn of a new day." It is a poor Administration that cannot produce a dawn. And it is also a poor Administration that cannot see to it that the dawns of its predecessors are reduced to being dim and desuetudinous twilights.

We originally signed some nineteen Root treaties. Now our State Department has knowledge of only twelve existing Root treaties. We originally signed some thirty Bryan treaties. Now our State Department has knowledge of only twenty-one existing Bryan treaties.

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We do not go ahead and get more of these Root treaties and Bryan treaties, which mean something. We go ahead and get fewer of them.

There are some sixty sovereign countries in the world. The Administration does not say:

> We will get Root dawns, we will get Bryan dawns, with all of them. We will in fact produce some super-Root dawns and some super-Bryan dawns for you. These treaties contain actual peace pledges. We will improve those pledges. We will enlarge them. We will make them cover more ground and cover it more bindingly. We are out to give you peace, not a peace-engine which we may or may not use, but peace itself! Peace guaranteed by actual pledged restrictions upon the right to go to war!

Certainly not. Let us again take a definite case. Let us again take the case of Mexico.

Almost continuously ever since Mexico revolted from Spain we have had trouble with Mexico. We have had more trouble with Mexico than with any other country in the world. We forever are hovering on the verge of war with Mexico. We pine for "world courts." We yearn to be of "service" to poor Europe. We cannot lie abed for the twitching in our limbs which bids us up and be doing for the cause of peace in the Mediterranean Sea. What Administration, then, would be so provincial as to give a peace thought and a peace treaty to the valley of the Rio Grande?

We have no Root treaty with Mexico. We have no Bryan treaty with Mexico. All that we have with Mexico, in the way of a system of peace, is Article 21 of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848. By that article the two countries agree to one of the feeblest and one of the least compulsive arbitration commitments known. They agree that if a dispute should arise between them they will "maturely consider whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side or by that of a friendly nation." They agree (in other words) not that they will stay at peace but that they will think of staying at peace—a thought which would occur to them in any case anyway.

Such is the sum of our peace system in the quarter in which we most need a peace system. Moreover, it is a smaller sum than once we had. Once we did have a Root arbitration treaty with Mexico. It was signed and ratified in 1908 under Roosevelt. It expired in 1913 under Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson interested himself greatly in Mexico. He sent many marines and many soldiers to Vera Cruz. He did not send them because the Mexicans refused to salute our flag. That is a misunderstanding. The Mexicans agreed to salute our flag. We said that we were willing to return the salute. The Mexicans asked us to sign a paper saying that we would return it. We refused to sign the paper. We were willing to return the salute but not to say in writing that we would return it. Hence our nineteen dead marines at Vera Cruz. Hence the resplendent funeral oration which Mr. Wilson pronounced over their bodies at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when he said that it was "a proud thing" for them to have died in "a war of service." Hence his subsequent address to Congress in which he said that our friendship toward Mexico would be capable of every "sacrifice." "Service!" "Sacrifice!" But no peace pledge! Mr. Wilson did not renew our Root treaty with Mexico. It has never been renewed.

No! How paltry would it be to present our people with the actuality of peace on the Rio Grande when we can present them with the image, the mimicry, the radiant and empty mirage, of universal peace at the Hague!

It is empty because in fact—as I have intimated, and as I shall now prove—no American President will ever take any important question of ours to the new Permanent Court of International Justice.

Let us imagine that John Jones has been elected President. He was a good mayor of Oskaloosa. He was a good governor of Iowa. So now he is President. He gets into an international dispute. It is important, genuinely. It has to do, let us say, with debts owed to us by foreign governments. It has to do, let us say, with demands of foreign governments that their citizens shall be allowed to migrate into this country. It is not a play dispute. It is a life-and-death dispute.

President John Jones consults his Secretary of State. He learns that we now belong to two courts—to the old Permanent Court of Arbitration and to the new Permanent Court of International Justice. He inquires the difference between them. His Secretary of State informs him.

Under the old Court, out of a long list of potential judges, we Americans choose two actual judges. Our antagonist chooses two. We and our antagonist together choose the fifth judge.

"Then," says the President, "under the old Court I shall have half the power in the naming of the bench. How is it in the new Court?"

"In the new Court," says the Secretary, "we take the judges as we find them."

"Who are they?" says the President.

"I remember," says the Secretary, "that our John Bassett Moore is among them. For the rest I must send for my list from the Department."

He sends for it. It arrives. "Ah, yes," says the Secretary, "I do not know any of the other members of this Court, but their names are: Dionisio Anzilotti, Rafael Altamira y Creves, Bernard Cornelis Johannes Loder, Didrik Galtrup Gjedde Nyholm, Robert Bannatyne Viscount Finlay, Dimitri Negulesco, Hans Max Huber, Charles André Weiss, Yorozu Oda, Michael Yovanovitch, Frederik Valdemar Nikolai Beichmann, Epitacio da Silva Pessoa, Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante y Sirven, Wang Chung-hui."

What will President John Jones do? Remember that it is not any internationalized American inhabitant of European and Asiatic pockets that has been elected President. It is John Jones. It will always be John Jones. What will John Jones do? I know what he will do. If he goes to any court at all, he will run like a rabbit from the new Court; and, like a snail, if at all, he will go inevitably to the old Court.

I, accordingly, do not hesitate to denounce our proposed entrance into this new Court as a triple sham. It is a sham because it is accompanied by an abandonment of the growing lines of binding peace commitments marked out by the Root treaties and the Bryan treaties. It is a sham because it is unaccompanied by any new actual peace commitment of its own. It is a sham because it takes us into a judicial institution to which we will never resort (in any important matter) in preference to another judicial institution to which we already belong.

Then, in addition to being a peace-sham of the greatest possible emptiness, it is a war-trap of the greatest possible effectiveness.

[*Next week: The New World Court, As Trap.*]

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Chaos in France

By ROBERT DELL

[*This article was written before the resignation of Louis Loucheur as Minister of Finance. He has since been succeeded by Paul Doumer.*]

Paris, December 15

I SHOULD be sorry to risk a prophecy as to whether the present French Government will still be in office when these lines appear in print or, if not, what sort of government will have succeeded to it. After the action of the Finance Committee of the Chamber yesterday in returning M. Loucheur's financial proposals to the Government, the resignation of the latter, or at least of M. Loucheur, was expected. The Finance Committee of the Chamber is right in its main contention, which is that it is useless to increase the rates of the income tax until measures have been taken to insure that the tax is properly levied and collected. For the last six years the officials responsible for the collection of the income tax (*contrôleurs des contributions directes*) have been demanding such measures. On April 13, 1919, they voted unanimously at the general meeting of their association a resolution declaring that the existing provisions for the assessment and collection of the income tax were inoperative and resulted in an unjust inequality of treatment for taxpayers and a loss of billions a year to the state, and that in these circumstances they repudiated all responsibility for the failure to enforce the tax. They repeated their declarations in 1921, 1923, and 1924, and emphasized them by adding that there was a deliberate campaign to *saboter* the income tax, with the tacit complicity of the Government, and that this tax alone could procure the necessary financial resources to balance the budget. Finally, on May 16, last, they made a "last appeal" to the country for the strict and legal application of the income tax.

These appeals have up to the present been unheard and that is one of the chief reasons why the French national finances are now in a state of chaos. The present income-tax rates are not low—in the case of small and moderate incomes they are too high. The mischief is that they are not paid, except by persons with salaries who can not escape, because the others do not pay on their real incomes and many never pay at all. The total amount collected on account of direct taxes up to the end of November of this year was only about $260,000,000. In the *Figaro* the other day M. Coty, after going exhaustively into the matter and quoting figures evidently supplied by the Department of Finance itself, arrived at the conclusion that, if the income tax were properly assessed and collected, its annual yield, at its present rates, would be increased by about $600,000,000. And a deputy for the department of the Nord recently declared that the income tax at its present rates ought to yield in his department alone as much as it now yields in the whole of France.

Plainly it is futile to increase the rates so long as this state of affairs continues. The higher the rates the greater the inducement to fraud, and it is asking too much of human nature to expect the honest minority to go on paying on their real incomes while they see their neighbors defrauding the government with impunity. I know that it will not be easy to find a remedy, for at bottom it is a question of *mœurs*. Taxation is not the only legal obligation escaped by people in France with influence of their own or influential friends. The French have a passion for equality, but there is not much of it in France. In few countries do more things go by favor. Nevertheless, something would be done by making it compulsory to declare the amount of the income and enacting severe penalties for false declarations. M. Caillaux's original income-tax law, as passed by the Chamber in 1907, included the compulsory declaration, but the Senate, as usual, when it at last consented to pass the law, struck out that provision and made various other amendments that have helped to make the law inoperative.

At this moment it is particularly necessary that the Minister of Finance should be a man enjoying the confidence of the public. The truth is that the first and most essential measure required is the one measure that nobody has the courage to propose—the stabilization of the franc. Until the franc is stabilized the budget cannot be balanced. The budget for 1925 was balanced on paper, but it now shows a large deficit, partly because the taxes have not been collected, partly because of the cost of Morocco and Syria, but also partly because the depreciation of the franc and the consequent rise in paper prices have caused the expenditure to exceed the estimates. Wholesale paper prices were 18 per cent higher at the end of November than at the end of March. Since the direct taxes payable this year were levied, their gold value has been reduced about 25 per cent. Moreover, the wide discrepancy between wholesale and retail prices that inevitably results from a falling currency makes accurate budgeting impossible. At the end of November the general wholesale price index was 618 and the general retail price index only 454. In other words, wholesale gold prices were about 20 per cent higher than in 1914 and retail gold prices about 10 per cent lower. Wholesale prices of course adjust themselves to the exchange much more quickly than retail prices, which will never catch up the former until the franc is stabilized.

There would be no difficulty in stabilizing the franc. It is fear of the inevitable economic crisis that would follow stabilization that makes the politicians hesitate, and of course there are people, as there were in Germany, whose interest it is to keep the currency unstable, or at least they think so, although perhaps ultimately they are mistaken. Sooner or later the franc will have to be stabilized, and, the longer stabilization is postponed, the worse will be its economic consequences. The franc is now beginning to fall regularly every day, and unless immediate measures are taken its fall may become catastrophic.

There is, I fear, little hope that such measures will be taken. I anticipate rather an aggravation of the present chaotic conditions. The chaos is both political and financial. The Cartel des Gauches has gone to pieces and there is no stable majority in Parliament—no party or combination of parties capable of enforcing a policy. All sorts of quack remedies are being suggested—a "Committee of Public Safety," the restoration of the "Sacred Union," a so-called

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National Government composed of representatives of all parties, and even a dictator. Seeing that the parties of the Left cannot agree on a financial policy, it is hard to see how matters would be improved by putting a political menagerie into power. A "National Government" would arrive at no policy at all. What is needed here is a French Schacht, but he has to be found. If he could be found he should be nominated director of currency and president of the Bank of France with the powers that were given to Dr. Schacht in Germany two years ago. It is indispensable that the necessary measures concerning the currency should be openly discussed and therefore known in advance. For the rest all that is necessary is to impose sufficient taxation to balance the budget and see that it is collected, and that is the business of Parliament. There is no occasion for panic. France is far from being in the situation in which Germany was two years ago. No doubt her prosperity is partly fictitious. The depreciation of the currency has given an artificial impetus to exportation, which is not all to the good, for France is selling cheaply and buying dearly all that she needs from abroad. Nevertheless, both her exports and imports are larger in gold value than before the war, which was, and still is, far from being the case of Germany. Further, France has got rid of four-fifths of her internal debt which, if the franc depreciates much more, will soon be no larger than before the war. In fact, the only really disquieting circumstance is that nobody seems able and willing to take the necessary measures.

There is talk in some quarters of a possible attempt at a coup d'etat. I doubt whether such an attempt is likely and still more whether it would succeed, if it were made. Fascism is no doubt increasing among the middle classes, but it has no leader. Moreover, the Fascists and the Royalists of the *Action Française* are at daggers drawn, so that the forces of reaction are divided. Public opinion is much less affected by the situation than the hysterical articles of certain papers would lead one to suppose. My impression is that the public is to a great extent indifferent and that the real gravity of the situation is not yet fully recognized. I fail to discern the "crisis of confidence" of which we hear so much in the opposition press. Perhaps in a sense there is too much confidence. At least there is too little initiative. Ignorance of financial and economic questions is so general in France, especially in the press, that one cannot expect any pressure from public opinion on the politicians to make them adopt the necessary remedies.

Golden Rule Nash

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

WHEN early in the second week of December the news leaked out that Arthur Nash—Golden Rule Nash—President of the A. Nash Company, manufacturers of men's clothing in Cincinnati, was planning to sign up with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, there was a buzz of amused and cynical skepticism among the ranks of the liberal intelligentsia, progressive churchmen, and especially among trade unionists to whom the Golden Rule factory had come to stand as a glorified and Billy-Sundayized version of the "open shop." Most of these skeptics did not know Arthur Nash personally. But for years he had been going about the country to churches, colleges, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, chambers of commerce, and manufacturers' associations proclaiming his discovery of Jesus as the ideal business man and of the Golden Rule as the solution of all earthly problems, including the problem of employer-employee relationships in industry. He had become one of the best self-advertised small business men in America. Billy Sunday had made much the same circuit before him and had retired to his Western ranch a made man. Golden Rule Nash had begun with a scraped-together capital of $60,000 and in seven years had built up the largest wholesale tailoring business in the country, with a capital of $3,000,000 and a monthly production of more than $1,000,000. He himself refers to his achievement as the "industrial miracle of our age," a description which, though not original with him, he has made his own. In an address before the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration he cited these statistics of financial growth as "the credentials I offer for speaking on this subject." And always he credited his success to the "vision" which had led him to accept it as his mission "to demonstrate the fact that, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, the principles laid down by Jesus of Nazareth could be made to work—work successfully and not merely as a sacrificial ideal—for the mutual well-being of mankind, and to the glory of God."

Mr. Nash was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist. In the days of his youth he was sent to the theological school of that sect in Battle Creek, Michigan. When he had completed his course there he went as instructor to the Seventh Day Adventists' school for ministers and missionaries in Detroit, where some twenty-five young people were preparing to become bearers of the "Third Angel's Message." In his book, "The Golden Rule in Business," he tells how his experiences with the devout and pious brethren drove him to heresy, skepticism, and rebellion. "I did my level best to run away from duty, faith, God, myself. My father strove earnestly with me to recant my heresy, to acknowledge my having turned traitor to the faith of my childhood. . . . For four or five years I wandered about the Middle West doing odd jobs here and there. Often did I go ragged and hungry. During those years I never cared two straws which way a freight train was headed when I climbed into a box-car." Seeking comfort, he turned to Tom Paine, Ingersoll, and others of their school. No one has better reason than Mr. Nash to know why men have grown skeptical of professing Christians who love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets.

The fact remains, however, that he could not have built up so great and prosperous a business in so short a time if the men and women who worked for and with him had not been persuaded of the sincerity of his assurance that he was determined to do unto them as he would have had them do unto him if their positions had been reversed. In 1919 the A. Nash Company was one of the smallest concerns in Cincinnati. Today it employs between three and four thousand workers and has some two thousand salesmen scattered over the country. There has never been a strike in that plant. Repeated efforts to organize it both

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by the Amalgamated and the United Garment Workers failed. The present enterprise got its real start when during the war Mr. Nash bought out a man who wanted to return to his people in Europe. The shop he took over was a typical sweat-shop; wages were low, working conditions wretched. In the name of the Golden Rule he immediately increased wages, in some cases by 300 per cent at once. In 1919 he moved his factory into a building which until then had been used by the Joe Magnus Whiskey Distillery Company. Two years later, the business requiring more space, he converted the bottling plant of the Moerlein Brewery Company into a clothing factory. These buildings were naturally not well adapted to the purpose. Their provisions for the convenience of the workers, especially their inadequate provisions for women, became the subject of much criticism. Since those days, however, they have been extensively remodeled, so that while they cannot be favorably compared to the best of the modern clothing factories such as those of Holtz & Sons in Rochester, or the newer plants of Hart Schaffner and Marx in Chicago, they are well above the average in the needle trades. Certainly there was no organized disposition on the part of the workers to find fault with them. By stabilizing employment, by making remarkably successful efforts to keep his workers employed the year round—not a mean achievement in the clothing industry—by paying good wages, and maintaining clean and comfortable working conditions Mr. Nash won the loyalty of the rank and file of his employees to an unusual degree.

But his relation to them was a purely personal one. There had been no attempt to organize any system of representative or constitutional government. The theory was that any one who had a grievance could always go directly to him, that any questions of plant policy could be taken up in "town meeting," as the irregular mass meetings inside the workshops were called. As the working force grew in numbers, and more especially as Mr. Nash spent more and more of his time going about the country preaching the Golden Rule and maintaining contact with his sales force, this informal arrangement proved less and less satisfactory. The pastoral relation that had been possible with a few score or even a few hundreds of workers proved cumbersome and inadequate with more than three thousand. As in every growing primitive democracy, groups, cliques, parties began to intervene between the chief shepherd and his flock. Wages like everything else had been subject of individual arrangement. "The workers fix their wages themselves," Mr. Nash used to say. But it was obvious that the foremen and straw bosses had an increasing hand in them. No one outside of the executives knew what the itemized pay roll was; Mr. Nash held that it was a matter of confidence between him and his "fellow-workers." Rumors of favoritism began to spread about. Churchmen as well as trade unionists began to place large question marks against Mr. Nash's assertion that democracy existed in his factory and that in the matter of wages the principle of the Golden Rule was being scrupulously applied.

Precisely what influence the initiation of investigations by churchmen and the renewed activity of trade-union organizers exerted upon his final decision no one, probably not Mr. Nash himself, will ever be able to say. Neither is the question important. No one who was in a position to follow Mr. Nash during the week of December 8 can doubt the sincerity of the decision he then made or the resolute courage with which he put it into effect. Calling his workers together he asked them to join the Amalgamated. "So far as I know," he said, "this is the first time that the head of a great industry has positively and aggressively taken the initiative by not only requesting but urging that all of his workers join in the great organized labor movement." So far as any one who heard him knew, it was the first time. Mr. Nash had not taken his executive staff or his foremen into his confidence in advance of this announcement. Some of them resented this. Some of them were alarmed at the possible effect of the entrance of the union upon their influence and authority over the workers under them. For two days and nights they went about among the workers, haranguing against the union, challenging Mr. Nash's wisdom. It was not until noon of December 10, at a great mass meeting of all the thousands of employees gathered in the Shubert Theater in Cincinnati, that Mr. Nash was able by the most impassioned personal appeal to win a majority, including the leaders of the opposition—among them two vice-presidents—to support his request that the working out of a plan be left to him and President Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated. And even then he gave his pledge that if after a month or a year they wanted to "throw the union agreement out" they should be free to do so.

Those three days, December 8, 9, 10, were tense with excitement. The workers were confused, many of them struck dumb, by the open division between the foremen and manufacturing executives and Mr. Nash. For forty-eight hours the issue hung in the balance. It was decided not by Mr. Nash's courage and prestige only but also by the sober, decisive, forthright, and able action of Sidney Hillman. Whatever other men said, Sidney Hillman never permitted himself to question Mr. Nash's motives. He met the situation as Mr. Nash had created it, addressed the workers in terms of the Amalgamated's achievements and purposes, went from the mass meeting to the factory, where he won the confidence of the opposing executives, met the foremen and won their promise of cooperation. Here was a job to be done in the interest of the workers, the Amalgamated, the labor movement, and he did it without paralyzing introspection, without letting the grass grow under his feet.

On Friday, December 11, more than seventy of Cincinnati's foremost civic, educational, business, and religious leaders, together with Judge Julian W. Mack of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, gathered at luncheon at the Business Men's Club to honor Mr. Nash and President Hillman for their faith in one another, their faith in democracy, for the fine example they had shown to American industry. Mr. Nash said that he believed the time would come when brotherhood according to the Golden Rule would be enough; that he feared the deadening effect of organization because so often men made it an end in itself instead of a means to an end; but that experience had persuaded him that in the world as it is trade-union organization was an essential means to brotherhood. Sidney Hillman illustrated his declaration that "the work of the organized labor movement as the Amalgamated sees it is to bring the precepts of the Golden Rule into the daily working lives of the masses of men and women."

Judge Mack, a man of deep penetration, a keen, shrewd appraiser of men, appealed to his fellow-citizens to marshal the support of public opinion behind an experiment which he regarded as of the highest promise to American industry and to industrial democracy throughout the world.

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On Women Correspondents and Other New Ideas

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

[*As Berlin correspondent and head of the European service of the Philadelphia* Public Ledger *and associated newspapers, Dorothy Thompson is distinguished as the only American woman in such a position.* The Nation *asked her to describe the activities of a woman in the field of European journalism and the difficulties, if any, that she has encountered in the course of her rapid advancement to a post of great importance and influence.*]

Berlin, December 1

THERE seems to me to be nothing extraordinary or of significance in the fact that a woman should be a foreign newspaper correspondent; indeed, I am surprised that *The Nation* should invite an article on such a subject and thus lend itself to the specious feminism of the women's magazines, which persists in finding cause for jubilation every time a woman becomes, for the first time, an iceman, a road surveyor, or a senator. Actually, this playing up of women is a disservice and an anachronism, in a day when no one any longer questions their general intelligence. The only question still raised, even by the most misogynist males, is whether women can be geniuses. Since little is known about genius, male or female, this matter may be debated for some time to come. Suffice it to say that genius is not required of a newspaper correspondent; on the contrary, a *demon* would be a burden and a liability. In everything short of genius it is high time women were taken for granted; or more importantly, that they take themselves for granted. The see-what-the-little-darling-has-done-now attitude ought to be outlawed.

Actually, in the field of journalism, the peculiarly American habit of regarding women as "news," of playing up the way they cut their hair and choose their waistlines, mates, and careers, as matters of major human interest, and of regarding their inevitable development as something quite apart from the general evolution of civilization, has opened a certain clearly defined field which, while it offers opportunities to a great number of women, threatens to suck in the talents of all women who seek a career in newspaper writing. Since women are news let women write it, is an accepted attitude of mind in most editorial offices. Society (which in America is considered almost exclusively woman's sphere), women's clubs, women's careers, women's politics—these are the assignments which most naturally fall to the girl "cub." She begins in this field, and she probably ends here, because it has become an important part of every newspaper, and is constantly looking for new writers.

Parenthetically, may I say, it is my conviction that this "women's stuff" would be vastly more amusing were it written by men. The editor of an American newspaper with a Paris edition once told me that, losing a woman fashion reporter, he put a bright boy on the job and that the boy was the best fashion editor he had ever had. The reporter confided to me he had never enjoyed assignments more. The moral of this is not the hasty one of the anti-feminists that any man can do any woman's job better than she can herself, but that despite the American effort to separate the interests of men and women, women are still interested in men and men in women.

Women, conscious of themselves as "the sex," are a bore. Large bodies of women aggressively being women, without the alleviating comic spirit, which, as Meredith pointed out, men introduce into the society of women and women into the society of men, are infinitely wearisome when not somberly terrifying. A career of reporting such assemblages was unpleasant to contemplate, and therefore I chose to begin my newspaper work on the continent of Europe where women are accepted as indigenous, and where such things as exclusive women's activities do not exist.

I have been asked whether I did not encounter in Europe difficulties as a woman journalist concerned with so-called serious affairs. So far as I have observed no single one of the many difficulties which have beset my path as an inexperienced adventurer in a new profession in strange lands arose from the fact of my sex. I encountered the difficulty of my own ignorance, of the fact that I had failed to absorb from my university training a vivid and accurate historical sense, a clear idea of economics, or fluency in any foreign language. I had been brought up on the easy-going theory that knowledge was "knowing where you can find a thing," and I had to learn that there is only one place where one can quickly get information in an emergency and that is out of one's self. I had to begin to discipline my memory, and rid myself as far as possible of a sentimental way of looking at things. But surely, these difficulties beset anyone who attempts the same work, with the same background, and my university was coeducational.

It is a common misunderstanding of us Americans, arising from the fact that we have an exaggerated interest in all the activities of women, regardless of their intrinsic worth, that Europeans do not take the work of women seriously. On the contrary, a European would find it curious and amusing that a newspaper woman should take a trip to Europe, at great expense, in order to ascertain what the Queen of the Belgians thinks about love and clothes. But he is not particularly surprised to find a woman interested in the Dawes Plan, or the question of national minorities. Educated European women have of late years taken an increasing interest in politics and been competent to discuss them. European men are accustomed to talk about art, literature, and affairs of state with women. Had it not been so, the salon could never have existed nor played the role which it has. Even in Germany, of the Kirche-Kinder-Küche reputation, one of the first "men of letters" and ablest historians is a woman, Ricarda Huch, and the artistic world has, in such people as Käthe Kollwitz, Milly Steger, and the late Paula Modersohn, women whom their colleagues do not hesitate to treat as equals.

In the field of journalism Europe has many distinguished women. Although I do not know of any European newspaper which employs a woman as political correspondent, women in Europe have successfully invaded a sphere of newspaper work still exclusively in the hands of men in America. They are excellent feuilletonists: the European equivalent of the American columnist. The material they handle, wittily and worldlily, is not "woman's stuff" but politics, literature, art, and the whole amusing spectacle which mankind stages day by day. Offhand, I think of Berta Sucherkandl, who in Vienna is one of the most im-

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portant interpreters of French life, and who, though her chief interest lies in literature and the stage, often writes ably of politics; of the inimitable "Colette" in Paris; of Margit Vészi, daughter of the editor of the Budapest *Pester Lloyd*, who writes brilliantly of all manner of things in the languages and newspapers of three countries. It is quite true that the number of women in European journalism is smaller than in America, and the competition with men is much keener. That is because of general economic conditions and because no special field is relegated to women as their own. But the quality of their work is perhaps the better for this.

My own newspaper has never made me self-conscious at being a woman. My earliest connections with the *Public Ledger* were entirely impersonal. I first contributed as a free lancer, whose age, training, and experience were unknown to the Philadelphia editors. A deal of journalistic education I can thank to my colleagues whom I met on the ground of common enthusiasms, interests, and difficulties. But I have evidence that there is still prejudice in some quarters against women as staff correspondents. A member of the Associated Press recently said to me, frankly, "Women can never see news. They see either 'good' news or 'bad' news." From which one must infer that a woman was responsible for the motto of the New York *Times!*

In the Driftway

A RECENT letter to the Drifter makes pertinent comment on his thoughts concerning interest on investments:

> The Drifter in the issue of December 18 puts up a good argument to demonstrate the folly of the benighted individual who left $10 at interest for 1,000 years. But he need not have gone back to tenth-century England to find an illustration, when there was one right before his nose on Manhattan Island. About 300 years ago one Peter Minuit, a newly arrived immigrant who had got by Ellis Island without being held up, having twenty-four dollars' worth of valuables about him looked about for a profitable investment. Fortunately there were no savings banks or other financial institutions to show him the advantage of thrift, so the only opportunity he could find was an investment in land. He put the whole sum into the purchase of Manhattan. Had he been advised by a modern thrift advocate and acted accordingly, putting the sum out at compound interest at 6 per cent and never touching either interest or principal for 300 years, his heirs of today would have had but the beggarly sum of $900,000,000, or less than a Rockefeller can accumulate in fifty years. But having invested as he did, his heirs and assigns (especially his assigns) of today own an estate worth considerably more than three billions. Not only that, but, unlike the disciple of the thrift advocate, they have during all these years enjoyed the rental of the island, have spent or saved as they saw fit, and still have their fortune intact.

* * * * *

TO which the Drifter makes ready answer that such a proceeding may be all right for Peter Minuit, but if he—the Drifter—were to purchase an island for $24, in three hundred years, or long before that, the miserable bit of land would have sunk into the sea or have become volcanic or otherwise visited with misfortune and pestilence. And he still maintains that no one can prophesy what may be happening on Manhattan Island 700 years from now, or ten centuries after the original purchase. Prosperous as the place is at present, it is apparent to anybody but a real-estate dealer or a lunatic that the population cannot keep on increasing, that the buildings cannot continue to rise, that subways will never be adequate for the inmates, that the time will come when not a foot of the land will be available to walk on. And when that hour comes, as come it must unless the crash comes first, catastrophe will result—catastrophe, that is, for property owners; but deliverance for the city's population, who, discovering no place to step in New York, will take themselves elsewhere. Then the island may conceivably sink back into the state in which Peter Minuit found it and $24 be considerably more than it is worth. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Parasites and College Endowments

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Zona Gale of the board of regents of the University of Wisconsin gave some good reasons in *The Nation* [September 30] why our universities and colleges should not be supported, even in small degree, from the fruits of monopoly. Miss Gale argues that the acceptance of monopoly money subjects the beneficiary to potential control by friends of monopoly. But it is not necessary to speak cautiously of "potential control"; instances may be cited of actual control.

Take, for instance, the Carnegie endowment for university professors. It was stipulated that no college or university professor could have the Carnegie money if the institution with which he was connected was under the control of any religious denomination. At once it was found that a large number of colleges and universities were willing to renounce their religious affiliations for the sake of becoming beneficiaries of the Carnegie endowment.

Now, it may be that it is better for the cause of higher education for colleges and universities to be entirely free from religious denominational influences and control. But many good people do not think so. And when we find that so many educational institutions were willing to renounce, and to a certain degree to repudiate, highly cherished religious traditions and affiliations, who can deny that educational endowments do exercise positive and extensive control? Recently a Southern college with a sacred name, signifying divinity itself, renounced that name, around which clustered many precious religious associations, and for a monetary consideration adopted the name of a multi-millionaire cigarette manufacturer who was a past master in the technique of monopoly.

But there are other and potent reasons for not accepting endowment funds from the fortunes of multi-millionaires and monopolists which are not mentioned by Miss Gale. The acceptance of these funds tends to perpetuate the evil of swollen fortunes and the corresponding evil of shrunken fortunes. Statues and memorial tablets are erected to those who give money to our colleges and universities. Portraits in oil by highly paid artists are hung in halls of fame. There is constantly accumulating a great fund of laudatory literature, praising the life and the achievements of men of great wealth who give their money either before or after their death to our educational institutions.

We are not likely to make much progress in ridding ourselves of social parasites when we are honoring them as benefactors of the people. You cannot convict a thief of stealing a pig if one of the jurymen has had one of the hams.

Madison, Wisconsin, October 23 CHESTER C. PLATT

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The Higher Critics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three bankers, so we are told in large advertisements, recommend Mr. Bok's "Twice Thirty." The president of a Washington financial institution assures us that it is "one of the great books of the century." The two others are scarcely less enthusiastic. Thus at last a quietus is found for the ancient quarrel between the critic and the author. Why let literary hacks and college professors goad creative artists like Mr. Bok into frenzy? Turn the job of reviewing over to those who represent the solid and safe sentiment of the community. Before you make up your New Year's list of books, consult your local banker.

New York, November 25 SILAS BENT

"Hamlet" in Modern Dress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I speak briefly of "Hamlet" in modern dress? It seems to me that the production has undoubtedly been a revelation. Those of us who went to the performance with even a fair amount of open-mindedness, albeit likewise with a skeptical irritatedness against the principle of presenting "Hamlet" in modern dress, undoubtedly felt, some sooner, some later, that Shakespeare was getting across to us more directly than in other presentations of "Hamlet." There was nothing between us and Shakespeare's thoughts and emotions. Possibly Hamlet was interpreted a little rationalistically, as the consciously planning, revengeful, active Hamlet of the Werder school of interpreters, rather than as the more traditional dreamer-Hamlet; yet even if one's own conviction favors the latter conception, one had to confess that one's realization of the play was deepened.

Nevertheless there seems to be some outcry against this way of presenting Hamlet. It was just so several years ago when the Macbeth of Lionel Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones startled the conventional theatergoer and the academic interpreter of Shakespeare.

But why should we not be grateful for every sincere interpretation? To me it seems that there is room for all types of presentation: the romantic Shakespeare, the realistic Shakespeare, and the expressionistic Shakespeare are all true. For every great genius is a cosmos; each age finds itself in him in a different way. Therefore we ought to welcome all the possibilities of interpretation in order to enrich ever more our realization of a great genius. We can enjoy Hampden and Barrymore and others, and yet welcome the new Hamlet of Basil Sydney and his coworkers. We should welcome this new proof that Shakespeare is indeed not of his age merely but for all time.

New York, November 27 LOUISE M. KUEFFNER AVERY

How Bad Is the South?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Eastern wits have long taken a mischievous delight in getting under the thin, sensitive skin of the South with bare bodkins or other instruments of torture; and the Babbitts who dominate the South, and therefore presume to speak for her, always react to the prick of the bodkin in a certain, easily predictable way. So when a Yankee wit is threatened with ennui all he need do to relieve the tedium of existence, and incidentally to add to the gaiety of the nation, is touch some Southern sore spot. And obviously that is not hard to do. The South seems to have many raw spots. As instances, let Mr. H. L. Mencken tauntingly refer to the "late Southern Confederacy" or editorially remark that he never heard of a "printable manuscript coming out of Mississippi," the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Ku Klux Klubs, not to mention any of the other "cultural," "protective," or "patriotic" organizations with which this region abounds, instantly mobilize, buckle on the whole armor of outraged righteousness, invoke the aid of Jehovah and Stonewall Jackson, and vindicate the honor of the South once more. Let *The Nation* publish an article holding the mirror up to Arkansas, or let the coldly statistical Census Bureau issue figures on illiteracy, and every "true" Southerner feels that Dixieland is maliciously libeled.

Why these resentments? Why this bristling, belligerent attitude by those who undertake to speak for the South? Why this petulant sensitiveness? Why this running amuck in impotent rage? Why confirm the critic's charges in this undignified fashion?

The nobler and the manlier course to follow in such circumstances would be to acknowledge our foolish faults and seriously undertake to overcome them. It appears that only a timid, insignificant minority of us Southerners are aware that there is any cause for shame in the quality of Southern culture.

But I sometimes do deplore that the South's most valuable critics too often, in their sweeping, withering criticisms of our crudeness and bigotry, fail to note any exceptions. There are a few of us, forty-five, at least, in Arkansas, who are earnestly striving, against overwhelming odds, to make the South hospitable to modern ideas and to do something to lessen those distressing faults of which we are so often and so keenly reminded. It is bad enough to endure this loneliness without being annihilated by witty but undiscriminating generalizations.

Forrest City, Arkansas, October 30 CLAY FULKS

For a Perplexed Teacher

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How would the perplexed teacher from Illinois like this for the opening exercises of her third-grade class?

> To boys and girls in every land
> Beyond the ocean's wall
> We children of America
> Send out a hearty call:
> "We are not strangers, we are friends;
> We're brothers, one and all."
>
> —National Child Welfare Association

BEATRICE SPECTOR GREENBERG

Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 4

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ROBERT BRUÈRE is associate editor of the *Survey*.

DOROTHY THOMPSON will send *The Nation* occasional articles from Berlin.

HANIEL LONG is a Pittsburgh poet who has published two volumes of verse.

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

HEINRICH KANNER was formerly editor of the Vienna *Zeit.*

FRITHJOV TOKSVIG is on the staff of the *Baltic Scandinavian Trade Review* and is special correspondent for *The Nation.*

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is director of the Russian department of the New York Public Library.

W. F. SCHUBERT is an Austrian journalist lately returned from South Tyrol.

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Books and Plays

To a Friend

By HANIEL LONG

I may not know you sometimes
When on your lips
Is the juice of strange apples,
And your laugh slips.

But I always know you later.
You are still he
Who leapt from a cliff toward blossoms,
And tasted the sea.

First Glance

INTEREST inevitably attaches to the autobiographical portions of "Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish," by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin: $3). The ideas which Mr. Ellis has developed in his prose have been so rich and important, presenting as they have so gallant a defense of all that is meant by human passion, that much might be expected from his poems—even though they be, as some of these are, his earliest work. Indeed their very earliness might argue, granted the existence in Mr. Ellis either then or now of some ability in poetry, the value of these pieces as straws showing from what direction and with what velocity the wind of his maturing doctrine blew upon him when he was coming of age. And it is in this light that Mr. Ellis views them. "Taken altogether," he says in his preface, "this whole group of sonnets lays bare the roots of the impulses that have stirred throughout all the activities of his life, from 'The New Spirit' in which in 1889, nearly five years after the sonnets ceased, he first put forth his program, to 'The Dance of Life,' with which, in 1923, he sought to round it off." The translations of Spanish folk songs, which are not happy, need not concern us here.

What shall be said of the sonnets, then, by one who finds them on the whole disappointing? Not, certainly, that they are crude—which is what Mr. Ellis calls them. Mr. Ellis asks the critic of poetry to remember that he himself "views them as an archaeological record, interesting apart from any technical quality or the absence of it, the record of personal experiences in the evolution of an individual person's spirit." But a critic of poetry will not have been thinking of "technical quality" at all. He will have wanted the record, too; and it is the record which I for one do not find here in anything like the fulness or the intensity that I had anticipated. If technique meant smoothness, which of course it does not, then the sonnets would be without a fault. What the sonnets do not contain is poetry; which is another manner of saying that they do not express what they have to express in any of the subtle and perhaps mysterious ways which poetry has taken to herself. What they have to express Mr. Ellis has since expressed much more poetically in his prose—which is his way. His way was never that of poetry, I suspect; and I imagine I am confirmed by the explanation he gives of the fact that he abandoned verse at twenty-five: "The author became too absorbed in the immediate practical and emotional interests of a many-sided activity in life to find time to bend over the images of life in the *camera obscura* of memory." Had he been a poet then, nothing save poetry could have absorbed him; were he a poet now, he surely would produce a better definition of the poet's function. A poem which does not say what it has to say poetically says nothing. The truth of a work of art lies in its beauty. So that I find Mr. Ellis's sonnets telling very little truth either about Mr. Ellis or about the world.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sloth of the Soil

Prairie. By Walter J. Muilenburg. The Viking Press. $2.50.
Wild Geese. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.
God Head. By Leonard Cline. The Viking Press. $2.

WHEN an author has made up his stern mind that he is going to be "true" to farm life he pulls a farmer out of bed in the chill dawn and washes his face in cold water at the sink and sets him down to a breakfast of black coffee and fried potatoes. He sends him out into the field, where he plows and sweats and makes his son plow and sweat and stay away from dances and young, pretty girls. Whenever the farmer talks he uses words thick like dead fish on a plate; and whenever the author describes any action he uses language no less thick and dull. The characters and the events toil and sweat through three hundred pages like an ordered rotation of crops and spinach hugely accumulated into great piles; and by this process a work of art is supposed to be brought painfully into life. After a time the book is compared to Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" under the conviction that Hamsun's book likewise gives a picture of farm life as romantic as a lobworm and as eloquent as a heap of radishes.

There can be no denying the honesty of Mr. Muilenburg's "Prairie"; and if one had never read Hardy and Hamsun and Lawrence and Powys one might fancy honesty to be the mark of high art. Mr. Muilenburg is certainly honest in excluding all meretricious excitements from the developing dulness of his narrative. He is obviously not writing for the moving pictures. He keeps away from scenes of seduction and adultery and peasant melodrama; and no doubt life moves externally as he makes life move in the story of a young farmer who rebels against his father, marries a pretty silly girl, goes further west to build his own farm, and by a hard courage conquers the earth and the weakness of his wife and sons. There is neither comic relief nor relief of any kind. The days pass, while use and custom unwind into a dragging routine, and the earth renews her seasons.

After all, Hamsun does more than give a peasant's progress and call it life. Both in "Growth of the Soil" and in "Pan" his farms and woodlands take on a luminous richness that does not depend on melodrama or fraudulent romance. Life is more than a recitation of the day's work; and art is not dishonest because Falstaff talks gloriously as no old drunken loafer ever talked and Medea's eloquence outmeasures the speech employed by barbarian princesses. Hamsun's peasants are no more than Hamsun disguised as a peasant with a mind tuned to the quiver of a leaf and the sound of grain falling like a golden music. No doubt farmers talk and act like the farmers in "Prairie"; but an artist hardly contents himself with the outward shows of life and character. He has got to draw life from the rich black mud of the soil and the farmer's soul; and that black mud must somehow take on its own rich being and substance.

Of course Mr. Muilenburg does not go in for the sort of thing practiced by Miss Ostenso in "Wild Geese." It is the

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very sort of thing which has turned romance into a term of contempt and made suspect anyone who is not "honest" about the general dulness of farm life. Herein you will find a rascal farmer degrading his wife and children, and a strong young daughter of the soil who wrestles and kisses with a young husky, and a nice young teacher stranded among the oafs, and a prairie fire, and a farmer slugging his wife in the fifth reel, and young bodies that kiss and don't part: in fact, you will find just what you always find in the moving pictures complicated by wild geese flying . . . flying . . . flying . . . at dramatic moments and lending the required air of mystic yearning to the impressionable heroine who interprets the honking as something I-know-not-what . . . "a magnificent seeking through solitude . . . an endless quest." It is not another "White Peacock" by a new D. H. Lawrence. It has none of the splendor of a white peacock or the skyey romance of a wild goose. It is merely a well-stuffed goose.

A worm's-eye view of farm life and a wild goose's-eye view of farm life are no doubt well enough in their way, but they seem to catch so little of the inner drama or the rich soil of field and woodland girdling a little outland farm. One turns from the mumbling of peasants and the honking of wild geese to the golden thunder of Mr. Cline's orchestration in "God Head." From the very first scene in which Paulus Kempf flies from the mob storming the lecture hall to the last scene where he pushes the betrayed Finnish husband from a high ledge hung over a gulf Mr. Cline unfolds the magnificence of a saga. It is more than just the tale of a sculptor and labor leader who finds refuge with the slow simple Finns of the Northwest and seduces the blue-eyed wife of the huge peasant who has saved him from death and madness in the wilderness. More than anything else it is Mr. Cline's prose holding light like a steel net which transmutes a wild melodrama into an ordered and thrilling rhythm of word and scene and folk-lore.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Legend or History?

Sagnet om Jesus. Georg Brandes. Copenhagen: Gyldendal.

> . . . I *will be* as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. . . . I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD.

THESE challenging lines of William Lloyd Garrison preface Georg Brandes's new book, "The Jesus Legend," in which he affirms that Jesus is a myth. Brandes at eighty-three has evidently decided to refute the tradition that age sweetens even the most obstinate of pagans. He has never been a "Christian" any more than he has ever been a "Jew." It is now many years since he wrote in volume two of "Main Currents":

> If a thinker . . . speaks freely of the customs prescribed by the church he is usually designated as a mocker of religion in general or even as an atheist. The orthodox person believes that "religion" consists of, or at least can only exist together with, certain definite church customs with which it has always been associated in his consciousness. He does not suspect that the attacker has a much higher and purer conception of the religious idea than himself . . . and as he is not sufficiently developed to differentiate between the various categories of attackers, he classes the inspired thinker and champion of a higher order with the ordinary crowd of graceless beings. He confuses the one above him with those beneath him.

It is well to keep this paragraph in mind when judging the book in which Brandes removes the pedestal from a figure which, despite all doubt of the Bible, despite all disbelief in the "miracles," seems yet to be the dearest possession of a large portion of humanity.

It is a little book, but 103 pages. Brandes takes William Tell as his text. For more than six hundred years the story of William Tell was believed to be true. Tell became so identified with Switzerland that for years the Swiss stamps bore his picture. It is now admitted that he is but a legend. He has never lived. "But that takes nothing from his greatness; he is, and remains, an effective ideal, and as a pattern still governs the mind of man."

The miracles are first disposed of. We no longer ask, says Brandes, whether Jesus was born by a miracle, whether he cured by miracles or expelled devils by miracles—we no longer know what devils are, and no longer know what is meant by Virgin Birth and the like. They are specters which we never have seen and to which we never give a thought.

The Jews did not crucify Jesus, could not have crucified anybody; the last words of Jesus are traced back to the twenty-second Psalm ("How strange that Jesus should have died with a quotation on his lips!"); the details of the Passion were drawn from the Old Testament to make an old prophecy come true; the teaching of Jesus may be found there and elsewhere; Nero did not set fire to Rome and did not burn Christians for candles; the Gospels are saturated with older religions; and, finally, even the Sermon on the Mount is declared to have come from Didache, the purely Jewish pre-Christian document (later falsified by the church, says Brandes) which was discovered in Constantinople in 1873. "It is now generally acknowledged," adds Brandes, "that even the Lord's Prayer is not of the New Testament but is a compilation from Old Testament patterns."

It is not always easy to follow Brandes in his reasoning, but if we keep the quotation from "Main Currents" in mind there is perhaps a key in his conclusion: "It detracts nothing from divine beings that they have had their true life, their only life, in the mind of man."

FRITHJOF TOKSVIG

From Professor to Patriot

Die Weltrevolution: Erinnerungen und Betrachtungen. Von T. G. Masaryk. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag.

THE President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic likes to dwell in this volume of his memoirs upon the part which fortunate accidents played in his life, turning a poor Slovak child into a great Czech university professor and politician and finally into the founder of a state, the destroyer of the ancient Hapsburg monarchy, and the most important author of the new map of Central and Southeastern Europe. His experiences lead Masaryk to a teleological philosophy of human life. And indeed they were amazing accidents which developed this man for his destiny and saved him from the most various perils.

Politically the most important accident in Masaryk's life was the unforeseen duration of the war. "Had the Allies won quickly," he writes, "we [the Czechs] would not have won our independence and Austria would, in one form or another, have survived." The Entente statesmen were generally Austrophile; they hoped to reestablish Austria as a sort of counterweight against Germany's overgrown power—but the Austrian statesmen were incapable of utilizing the opportunity. Masaryk's greatest achievement was to convince the Entente statesmen that Austria, if it survived, would still be a vassal of Germany, and that, in order to weaken Germany, Austria must be broken up. The incredible mistakes and duplicity of Emperor Charles and his ministers of course helped Masaryk. But it took four years of war to change the Entente point of view, and Wilson and Lansing came around only at the last moment. Only on September 3, 1918, did Lansing recognize the Czecho-Slovaks as independent belligerents and Masaryk and Benes as their *de facto* Government; and it was on the basis of that recognition, generalizing it to declare all the nationalities of Austria-Hungary independent, that Wilson on October 18, 1918, refused Austria's peace offer, thus striking Austria-Hungary from the list of living states. Ten days later the Czechs at home had only to take power into their hands. There was no opposition.

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So Masaryk's anti-Austrian venture ended. He calls it a "revolution." There was never such another revolution. "The people rises, the storm breaks loose," says the German poet. But the Czech people, even though, as Masaryk says, it had in its heart broken away from Austria, sat calmly in its place—except for the isolated mutinies and conspiracies which Masaryk found so useful in his propaganda abroad. Masaryk's activities were secretly supported by his friends at home, but the Czech politicians officially disavowed him from time to time; his request that a few Czech leaders be sent abroad to support him and Benes remained unfulfilled. Hapsburg domination was overthrown from abroad, the Czechs merely ratified the overthrow. Masaryk and Wilson are counted by the Czechs as the founders of their national independence—Wilson, the foreigner, and Masaryk, the emigrant. Here is a new long-distance technical marvel, greater than the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio; here telepolitics achieved a telerevolution. Masaryk even got his funds for the most part from Czech emigrants in America. It was, however, a cheap revolution; it cost less than a million dollars.

HEINRICH KANNER

In Fundamental Terms

Dr. Transit. By I. S. Boni and Liveright. $2.

INTO a literature which views familiar experience under the aspects of time and place comes a sinewy, sensual book nourished, for a marvel, upon fantasy and intellection. Unlike most current fiction of importance, this work has no use for the friendly commonplaces of realistic representation. The characters whose actions and thoughts compose the ideational pattern of "Dr. Transit" perform what an American philosopher called, in another connection, a "ballet of bloodless abstractions." What I. S. has here given to a world which should be grateful for it is a novel of ideas—not like the blandly entertaining *romans philosophiques* of Voltaire but rather like the work of Dostoevski in his metaphysical moments. But where in the Russian novels there is no deviation from the plausible, in this American book an unapologetic imagination mauls reality like an infant Hercules. And while the author of "The Possessed" presents ideas which are emotional storm-centers and whirls of bolts and lightnings that set the whole man on fire, the author of "Dr. Transit" takes his intellectual excursions with a coolness that gives the reader goose-flesh. "A spirit coldly dissenting with humanity," he says of the phantasmagorical homunculus who gives the book its title, "was harbored in his harsh head." That inhuman spirit blows chilly through the book.

The volume holds such good things that one should willingly suffer the discomfort of this draught. Its great virtue is that it treats of essential matters in fundamental terms. Sex, man's will to surpass himself, God, death—these are the themes of the novel, and the way in which the author manages them, barehanded, is a spectacle generally to exhilarate, if sometimes to puzzle, the mind of the reader. The substance of the book is in essence that of poetry, and indeed the writing not seldom reaches the high level upon which poetry must be sustained.

> Each day ended, atop some hill crest, secure like a turret, with a marsh like a moat underneath; evening hissed among the trees; the sun fell away like the last spin of a coin. They watched the piling of the shadows of the West, fir-dark, like gloaming forests or maw-dark like looming cities, the silhouetted trees, nude, bathing in twilight, the casual break of stars, like swimming heads; they awaited the slow climb of the moon, near and speculative, its calm light, its Absalom adventure among the branches, its sense of companionship, of a great and unsolemn warden, too distant for intrusion but near enough for safe-guarding.

And if one could rip them from their context, there are other passages of more striking individuality. The originality of the style is augury of the appearance, with this book, of a new and authentic writer.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

The Diaries of George Washington. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin.
Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.
John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.
Troubadour. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni and Liveright.
Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousson. Lippincott.
The Man Mencken. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster.
Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.
The Memoir of Thomas Bewick, 1822-1828. Dial Press.
Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni and Liveright.
Two Lives. By William Ellery Leonard. Viking Press.
Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.
Indian Love Lyrics. Edited by Nellie Barnes. Macmillan.
The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press.
May Days: An Anthology of *Masses* and *Liberator* Verse. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni and Liveright.
Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.
The Panchatantra. Translated by Arthur W. Ryder. University of Chicago.
The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin.
An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.
Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.
The Guermantes Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.
North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace.
Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Century.
The Jesuit Relations. Edited by Edna Kenton. A. and C. Boni.
The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.
The New Negro. By Alain Locke. A. and C. Boni.
A Chinese Mirror. By Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin.

Drama

The Powers of Darkness

LAST year the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse recreated upon its stage one of the most serene of masterpieces; this year it has chosen to show the other side of the picture and to produce a play whose beauty is of a dark and fearsome kind, for Ansky's "The Dybbuk" manages by means of the skilful use of atmosphere and ritual to externalize the passionate and tortured mysticism of the medieval Jew much as the airy charm of "The Little Clay Cart" externalized the untroubled serenity and the daylight wisdom of a people confidently at home in a kindly world. Written by a man who had escaped intellectually from the religion of his fathers but who discovered late in life how profoundly that religion still engaged his emotions, the play uses an ancient legend as the means whereby the spiritual life of a people may be invoked; and it clothes this legend with an outward garment of ritual, tremendously effective upon the stage for the very reason that it was unconsciously evolved for a dramatic purpose—for the purpose, that is to say, of being an outward and visible symbol of a spiritual attitude. By means of their wailing chants, their solemn ceremonies, and those songs of wild exultation into which their suppressed passions now and

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again broke out, the Chassidic Jews revealed to one another the tumult of their souls; removed to the stage, these same means hypnotize the spectator into a poetic faith in the legend itself and make real for him the mood which generated it.

Ancient India, at peace with the world and, more important still, at peace with itself, generates gay fancies to make yet brighter its golden days, but to the Russian Jew, oppressed from without by an alien people and torn within by a religion which sets his exuberantly sensuous nature at war with a sternly puritan code, the universe is no such graceful affair. Even his God, whose goodness is of a stern and terrible kind, permits no joys which are not fierce and bitter, and God is but barely a match for the forces of evil which are as completely omnipresent as He. The Kabala, whose magic formulae may open the gates of heaven, is as likely to send the eager student plunging to hell, and in the very midst of a holy wedding some dybbuk, some uneasy spirit, may seize upon the body of the bride; and not God Himself, invoked with all the ceremony which He has prescribed, can send the demon forth. Life for such a one is as intense as life can be, for there is no moment when he is not filled with a sense of being at the focus of forces much greater than he; there is for him no act which is not a ritual, which does not, that is to say, involve a rapport of some sort with the unseen world; and his taut nerves are perpetually upon the verge of an ecstasy which it needs only the hypnotic effect of some traditional ceremony to precipitate. He is, in the language of psychology, perpetually upon the verge of hysteria; but in the language of religion—and perhaps of art—he is intoxicated with God.

Ansky's play passes no criticism upon this spiritual life, for its purpose is to record and reproduce with the detachment of one whose intellectual dissent is completely overborne by a tender emotional comprehension. And yet the beauty with which it invests the story is a kind of apology. These people, it seems to say, grotesque and unlovely though in some of their aspects they may be, have about them a spiritual greatness. Oppressed and self-tortured, their souls have been twisted with misery; but misery has not made them little, and though the world which their imagination has created is dark and terrible it has its grandeur. Their passion has no channel of expression which is not half choked and their ever-present sense of sin robs them of all grace, but passion has never ceased to burn and no humiliation has robbed them of the sense of playing a great part in the spiritual drama of the universe.

Some who saw the original production of "The Dybbuk" in the tiny Habima Theater in Russia tell me that the performance at the Neighborhood is vastly inferior, and perhaps it is, but I, having no standard of comparison, find it very lovely indeed and another proof of my contention that nowhere else in America are plays requiring a non-realistic atmosphere and style done half so well as there. Mary Ellis as the heroine gives an excellent performance, and it is hard to imagine how some of the views, such as in particular that in which the half minatory beggars demand to dance with the frightened bride, could be more effectively realized.

Offenbach's comic opera "La Périchole" (Jolson Theater), presented as the second bill of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, is far from offering the company an opportunity comparable to that offered by "Lysistrata," and though it is made amusing and frequently brilliant there is no denying that even these marvelous Russians cannot disguise the fact that Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy are not Aristophanes or that Offenbach's music is as often tawdry as it is gay. At the Forty-fourth Street Theater Houdini is giving an extremely interesting exhibition of his various talents. The production of "The Man Who Never Died" at the Provincetown Theater can be explained only by the fact that it is marked by the adolescent mysticism to which the Provincetown group seems to be committing itself.

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International Relations Section

The Case of South Tyrol

By W. F. SCHUBERT

ONE of the most flagrant violations of President Wilson's Fourteen Points was the ceding of the German part of South Tyrol to Italy. There would have been no difficulty in establishing an ethnically clearly drawn frontier since the Salurner Klause has for 1,400 years been the southern border of German South Tyrol, which has a compact German-speaking population of 230,000. The *titulus* for the annexation of this province was a gentlemen's agreement, the secret Treaty of London in 1915, between Lord Grey, Asquith, etc., and the Italian war cabinet, in which South Tyrol served as a bribe for Italy's breaking the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria. Wilson's memoirs give a feeble consolation when they state: "Unfortunately the President promised the Brenner to Orlando whereby 150,000 (really 230,000) Tyrolese were handed over to Italy; this he recognized later as a gross mistake and deeply regretted."

Since November, 1918, South Tyrol has undergone three different kinds of treatment. The first lasted from the military occupation till the ratification of the peace treaty; the second from that time till the end of 1922 when the Fascist party came into power; the third started in the early days of 1923 when Fascism began to mean organized terror for all non-Fascisti. In the first period South Tyrol was fairly well governed, the Italians not being certain whether their imperialistic cravings would be satisfied. At that time many promising speeches were made by the king and various cabinet ministers. South Tyrol, which could expect nothing from the impoverished and then rapidly collapsing Austria, believed resignedly in the Italian expressions of good-will. After this period the "assimilation" inaugurated by a well-organized Italian immigration began but, on the whole, no really illegal measures were as yet taken. With the consolidation of the Fascist Government, however, conditions suddenly changed and the third phase, that of ruthless oppression, set in. There can be no doubt that today no other minority exists in Europe experiencing a like treatment.

Press reports can but vaguely illustrate the martyrdom of these quarter million of Tyrolese who have backing them no protecting mother country, as Lorraine had in its time, and no League of Nations, as other minorities have (Italy not having had to sign a minority treaty). Italian papers explain the ill-treatment in the following way: Austria will before long join Germany, there will be then seventy million Germans on Italy's northern border, and thus Italy is forced either to Italianize the Tyrolese or to crowd them out of their homeland, for the Italians want Germany to find an Italian province south of the Brenner.

With this purpose the new Italian policy is directed, first, against the Tyrolese school and language. A royal decree has abolished the century-old Tyrolese school system, declaring the Italian language the only one to be used in all the 400 schools in South Tyrol. German even as a second language is forbidden. By this decree the Austrian eight-year compulsory school system established about 1850, by virtue of which illiteracy was practically unknown in pre-war Tyrol, was abolished in favor of the Italian four-year voluntary system, owing to which Italy possesses almost 40 per cent of illiterates. Since the introduction of this system illiteracy has been growing fast in South Tyrol. Numerous petitions and protests against the decree, one to the Secretariat of the League of Nations with 50,000 signatures, have met with failure. The present situation is appalling. The small children, who even in the kindergartens are forbidden to use the language of their homes, do not understand their new Italian teachers, the native ones having been discharged wholesale, and are growing up in complete ignorance. Many parents no longer send their children to school, although the engagement of private governesses to teach the children German is forbidden. A teacher recently described the situation as follows: "I taught secretly sixty-four children in different families. With the children of the third school year I had to begin with simple lessons in writing, as not one of them could read or write. In the highest class, which will leave school this year, not one pupil knew the German and Italian letters; not one had any idea of grammar."

In the law courts, too, and in the administration of the government Italian is the only language permitted. Thus the Tyrolese find themselves excluded from jury, bar, and civil service. The few Tyrolese officials who were not discharged and who rapidly acquired Italian are being transferred to Italy. Italian commissioners and priests are replacing the beloved Tyrolese burgomasters and clergy. Thus the 70-year-old burgomaster of Bozen, after twenty-seven years in office, was expelled in favor of a 27-year-old Fascist who could not speak a word of the German language.

At this writing all the Tyrolese dailies have been forced to stop publication with the exception of one small paper in Meran, which expects suppression any day. Thus the 230,000 Tyrolese have no longer any press of their own. Almost all organizations, even non-political ones (Alpine clubs, fire brigades, etc.), have been dissolved. Lectures on Tyrolese art and literature are forbidden; a large number of special schools are closed. Austrian academic degrees are not validated and students who want to study in Austria are refused passports.

The use of the German name of any place on any publication (even privately printed matter) is forbidden. New Italian names were coined to replace the thousand-year-old Tyrolese ones. Descriptions on picture post cards, maps, etc., must not be accompanied by a German translation. Recently a 74-year-old woman was arrested because she had not changed the Tyrolese legend on one of her saint's pictures into Italian. Pictures of Andreas Hofer are confiscated. Gravestones must bear Italian inscriptions. The police force is Italian. Military service is introduced in spite of former pledges to exempt Tyrolese who fought in the war. To the consternation of their parents young conscripts are being sent to the filthy barracks of southern Italy, where no one understands their mother tongue, and Italian regiments are quartered in the old towns and villages of South Tyrol. On the night following the supposed attempt on Mussolini's life some hundred citizens of Bozen were arrested without warrant, and through a well-organized secret service and a special censorship for the post many Tyrolese are today in prison. Most of these high-handed measures were ordered by the royal prefect of Trent, a notorious Tyrolophobe, who is,

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unconstitutionally, given more power than the other Italian prefects.

The few examples given will suffice to illustrate the efforts of the Italian Government to smother the cultural liberty and national sentiment of the Tyrolese minority. It is well to remember that a change of government, unlikely as it is, will not radically alter the situation, since before its suppression Italy's most liberal paper, the *Corriere della Sera*, supported the policy now adopted in South Tyrol, and the business of racial assimilation is favored by the Italian Liberal Party.

The Italians view the situation thus: the Brenner Pass is the strategic and "therefore sacred" frontier of Italy. In the interest of security the annexed country has to be assimilated as soon and as thoroughly as possible. Moreover, South Tyrol was Roman and is therefore Italian soil and only after the collapse of the Roman Empire did Teutonic tribes invade it. It must be re-Italianized. Austria has had Italians under her domination and the annexation and assimilation of an Austrian province is but a just retaliation. The first argument carries little weight, considering that 40,000,000 Italians are facing only 6,000,000 disarmed Austrians, and besides, Italian military authorities have repeatedly affirmed that the Brenner Pass cannot be regarded as an advantageous strategic frontier. The second argument cannot be taken seriously outside of Italy, although President Wilson is reported to have believed in it. The population of South Tyrol has been German since the sixth century when the Bajuvarii settled there. As regards the third argument it may be remembered that the Italian minority in the Trentino not only had its Italian schools maintained by Austria but that Italian was the official language used in the administration of the local government.

There are three possibilities for the future. An enlightened Italian Government will return the annexed country; Rome will change its policy and will try to make the South Tyrolese loyal subjects; or Italy will continue her present methods, eventually forcing the population to emigrate. The recent congress of European minorities held in Geneva has shown how the second solution may be achieved. The League of Nations seems to be the only organization to solve the minority problem, which is truly international and closely related to the rapidly growing race conflict. However, the procedure of the League in minority questions must be changed from being secret and unilateral into being public and bilateral. A minority council should be organized; if in a special case it does not find a satisfactory solution the minority petition should be submitted to the International Court of Justice. All members of the League of Nations (as yet only some small states are bound by formal obligations) should adhere to an international minority convention; furthermore a minority code might be prepared as a special annex to the code of international law now under discussion. Meanwhile reliable, impartial information (by means of conferences, visits, etc.) should be collected and published. The solution of the problem in question is urgent; it will more than anything else contribute to prevent the "next world war." Let me conclude with the words of one of the speakers in the last Assembly of the League of Nations: "What renders the question of minorities painful for the people concerned is that all the world talks about it, but very few persons take the trouble to study it."

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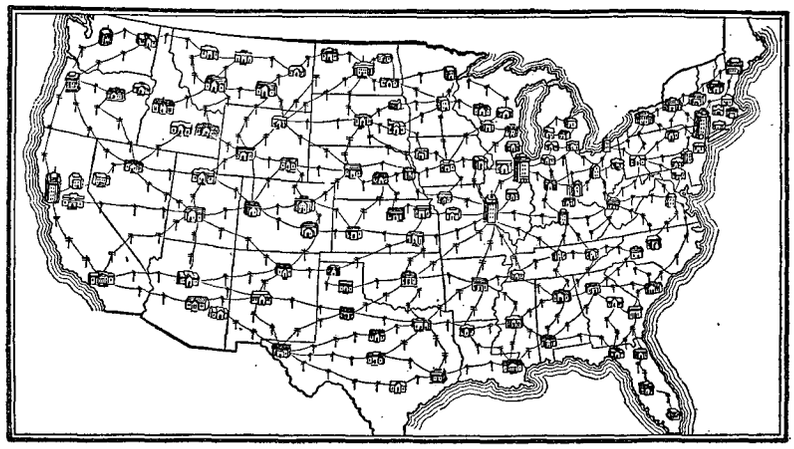

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